Gc
929.2
L8286ℓ
1657304

M. L.

REYNOLDS HISTORICAL
GENEALOGY COLLECTION

ALLEN COUNTY PUBLIC LIBRARY
3 1833 00853 8966

Albert E. Lambard.

A GENEALOGICAL SKETCH

OF THE

EARLY LOMBARDS,

WITH VERSES.

BY ALBERT E. LOMBARD.

All are architects of Fate,
Working in these walls of Time;
Some with massive deeds and great,
Some with ornaments of rhyme.
—LONGFELLOW.

LOWELL, MASS.:
PUBLISHED BY THE FRANKLIN PRESS,
1883.

1657304

PREFACE.

In this volume, I have endeavored, as far as meagre and indistinct records would allow, to compile a sketch of the EARLY LOMBARDS. In the present age, when mankind pay due reverence to the past, and erect monuments of granite to the memories of men who have shed lustre around their times, family histories require no apology or palliation. To study the records of our ancestors is a duty worthy of all men, a work pregnant of happy and beneficial results.

Incorporated with the sketch are some verses, which were written during leisure moments. It is needless to add that they lay no claim to either profundity or depth, being wholly the outcome of youthful fancies.

I do not presume that this work will be given a place beside other histories, written by more able men, but simply ask the kind consideration of the reader for this, my first venture in the wide range of literature.

I am, very sincerely yours,

ALBERT E. LOMBARD.

THE EARLY LOMBARDS.

PROBABLE ORIGIN.

PETRUS LOMBARDUS, so called from his country, was a celebrated scholar, an eminent ecclesiastical writer, and an author of many books. He was born in Navarra, Lombardy, Italy, 1100. The *Book of Sentences*, the *Glossa or Commentary on the Psalms of David* (printed in Paris, 1541), and the *Collectanea in Omnes D'Pauli Epistolas* (printed in Paris, 1535), are the most prominent of his writings. The *Book of Sentences*, which was widely read and taught in the schools of Paris, was printed in Nuremburg, 1474, 1478, 1499, and 1528; in Venice, 1480; in Bazil, 1492, 1498, 1513; in Paris, 1564, 1577; in Louvain, 1576.

PETRUS LOMBARDUS was President of the University of Paris, and was at the height of his celebrity during the pontificate of Pope ALEXANDER III, of Rome. He was made Bishop of Paris in 1159, when FREDERICK I was Emperor of Germany. He died July 20, 1164.

and was buried in the Church of Saint-Marcel, where his tomb still exists, with the following inscription:

"Here lies Master PETRUS LOMBARDUS, Bishop of Paris, who composed the *Book of Sentences*, the *Interpretation of the Psalms and Epistles*; and the death of whom took place on the thirteenth day of the August calendar."

JOAQUIN, Abbot of Flora, wrote against PETRUS LOMBARDUS, saying that he was a heretic, and a fool concerning the Trinity, and accused him of saying that Christ as a man was not any thing. Hence, the Council of Latran, held in 1179, obliged the Pope to write to WILLIAM, Bishop of Sens, to investigate the doctrine of PETRUS, to condemn it completely, and to teach that Christ was a perfect God, and a perfect man, consisting of a soul and body, and to have it so taught by the masters and scholars in Paris.* The bishop and council investigated PETRUS' doctrine, and found it to be pure and true, thus completely exonerating him from the charges made by JOAQUIN, Abbot of Flora.

It is difficult to determine from whence the name LOMBARD originated. The author has written several times to England and other places across the water, but has failed thus far to obtain the desired information. It is a well-known fact in history, that during the early

* See Matthew of Paris, *History of England*, p. 138.

times, family names were written in different ways, as LOMBARD, LUMBARD, LUMBERT, LUMBER, etc. The correct way, and the way it is now most commonly written, is LOMBARD. We have reason to suppose that we are descended from the PETRUS LOMBARDUS mentioned in the opening paragraphs; but it is not the intention of the writer to claim any distinct relationship with the aforesaid PETRUS, as the thread would have to be followed from generation to generation, and through centuries of time, back into the Middle Ages. Neither is it his intention to trace it in England, although, we are told, that a certain MICHAEL LELOMBARD was a member of the British Parliament, and that the name, RICHARD LOMBARD, appears on the "Hundred Rolls"—both some centuries ago.

Laying all this data aside, the author is content for the present, to begin with the advent of the LOMBARDS in this country.

THE BERNARD LOMBARD BRANCH.

THE LOMBARD FAMILY have been closely identified with the history of Cape Cod, and, indeed, that of Massachusetts, almost from the time of the landing of the Pilgrims, in 1620. The name is written in many

histories, and descriptive accounts of the early settlement of what is now one of the most valuable portions of the Old Bay State. Some as tillers of the soil, others as professional men — all, loyal and devoted to the country they had chosen as the one preëminently fitted to the hardy spirit of liberty and freedom, so dear to the hearts of the early settlers of our country.

As early as 1633, two brothers, BERNARD and THOMAS LOMBARD, came to this country, and settled in Scituate, Mass. They were members of Rev. JOHN LOTHROP's Society, known as the "Men of Kent." This title, "Men of Kent," was given to more particularly distinguish them from other colonists, who came from different sections of England. They emigrated from Tenterden, one of the most beautiful towns in Kentshire, which has often been called the "garden of England." What vessel they sailed in remains a mystery thus far, as history only tells us that they were in Scituate in 1633.

BERNARD LOMBARD's house stood on what was called Kent Street, in Scituate, the second on the "Greenfield" adjoining SAMUEL FULLER's house, which was on the North side. BERNARD was a freeman in 1636, and was a man of note and influence in the colony.

In those days of constant struggle with the Indians, who were ever on the alert to burn, plunder, and to take

life, to establish a colony was an exceedingly hazardous undertaking. But frequent arrivals from England, gave the settlers confidence, and served to make them more contented, until at last, what was known as the Plymouth Colony was firmly established. But this being a new country to these people, offering numerous inducements for exploration and travel, many were induced by glowing stories and brilliant prospects, to remove from Scituate to Barnstable.

Among those to go, were Rev. Mr. LOTHROP and many people of his Society. They did not tarry long in Barnstable, however, but once more took up their line of march, this time to the Connecticut River, just over the line from Massachusetts. What innumerable perils they must have endured on the way from the savages, who murdered and plundered by night, and carried on their nefarious work at every opportunity; as well as from the Dutch, who laid claim to the territory of Connecticut, and had already built forts along the river, to defend what they claimed to be their rights.

The unfortunate burning of the town-record at Barnstable, about 1690, has made it impossible to ascertain the respective ages of the two brothers; but BERNARD seems to have been the elder, and is said to have been born in Tenterden, Eng., in 1606. On the organization of Barnstable, in 1640, he removed to that place.

In the year 1639, a grant of land was obtained for the purpose of establishing a settlement at Mattakeese, lying somewhere between Yarmouth and Sandwich; and this settlement was commenced chiefly by people from Scituate. Only two persons were named in the grant, but among the names of the associates we find Rev. JOHN LOTHROP and Mr. BERNARD LOMBARD.

BERNARD was a man of considerable importance in the settlement of Barnstable County. We find his name recurring again and again in the history of this portion of Cape Cod. In the year 1665, we find him laying-out lots, running-lines, etc., and during the years 1662–6, he held the title of Ensign in the militia, and was made the recipient of a grant of fifty acres of land at Pausatucke Neck, and six acres of meadow. He was made a freeman of Barnstable in 1640.

The term, freeman, is defined as a person who has taken the oath of allegiance, and is in full communion with the church. No person could vote even in the town's secular affairs unless he was a freeman. To be a freeman was to be a gentleman and a person to be depended upon. Such was this man BERNARD. He was chosen to several offices, which he filled with the dignity which became them, and to the evident acceptance of the colonists.

It is probable that both he and his brother were

married in England, and brought their wives with them, as there is no record to be found of their marriage here.

BERNARD LOMBARD'S son, JABEZ, was born in Barnstable, in 1641; MARY, MARTHA, and JOSHUA, were probably born in Scituate.

In the early days, when men were obliged to work in the field, with one hand grasping the rifle, and the other the plow, it is no wonder that accurate accounts of births, marriages and deaths were rarely kept. There may be records of the births of the three last-named children, but they have not reached the writer's hands.

JOSHUA, (presumed to be the elder), married ABIGAIL LINNET, in 1650, and had two sons: JONATHAN, born in 1657, and JOSHUA, in 1660.

JABEZ, born in 1640, married SARAH, daughter of MATTHEW DARBY at Barnstable, in 1660. BERNARD (son of JABEZ), born in Barnstable, 1668, had: JOHANNA, 1692; MEHITABLE, 1693; MATTHEW, 1698; MARIA, 1700; BETHIA, 1702; JOHN, 1704; SOLOMON, 1706.

The inclination of the writer would lead him to take up each genealogy separately, but the space given to this sketch will not allow it: consequently, he will write more especially of the most distinguished of these children, SOLOMON, born March 1, 1706.

This SOLOMON seems to have been a precocious youth, and to have imbibed a good deal of that energy and

independence which was characteristic of the lives of his forefathers. He entered Harvard College (so named in honor of its noble benefactor, Rev. JOHN HARVARD), and graduated from that renowned seat of learning in 1723. He chose the ministry as his profession, was ordained, and preached in Provincetown, Truro, and other places.

In those days, a minister was thought to be pretty liberally paid when he received forty or fifty pounds, "good money," for his term of office, which generally consisted of about seven months of the year. Besides the money, he was usually given a house, and a piece of land for cultivation.

In the year 1750, Rev. SOLOMON LOMBARD settled permanently in Gorham, Me., and probably was the first minister installed in that town. The congregation over which he presided was a very conservative one, and it is evident that they did not relish the plain talk of the fiery preacher. One can now almost see the looks of disapprobation which were shot from the seats of the high-backed pews to the minister's stand, where words of fiery eloquence were spoken. Some of the members of his church manifested their dislike to his liberal sentiments, and in 1664, he resigned his pastorate, to enter a broader field, where he could exercise his liberal views without hinderance. This proved a lucky step for the

minister, for it brought him in contact with many people of different opinions, thereby sharpening his intellect, and fitting him more thoroughly for the stormy scenes through which he was destined to pass during the more mature years of his life.

He married SARAH HARDING, of Wellfleet, Mass., and had twelve children: ANNA, born Sept. 26, 1725; JEDEDIAH, April 8, 1728; SARAH, June 8, 1730; HANNAH, May 11, 1732; SUSANNA, Aug. 5, 1734; SALOME, June 10, 1736; SOLOMON, May 15, 1738;—MARY, Sept. 9, 1740; RICHARD, Feb. 23, 1743 or '44; EBENEZER, March 26, 1745; HEZEKIAH, Sept. 30, 1746; CALVIN, May 25, 1748.

He wrote many articles of merit, and was considered a leader in politics. He was particularly obnoxious to the Tories, who embraced every opportunity to slander him, but he gave them such scathing and brilliant replies in answer to their slanders, as to compel not only their respect, but their admiration.

In 1776, he was appointed Judge of the Court of Common Pleas, for Cumberland County, and exercised the functions of that office so admirably as to gain him the approbation both of his associates and of the people. An earnest and zealous patriot, he expended every energy of his brilliant mind in favoring the cause of the colonists during the Revolution. In September,

1774, he was elected to the Provincial Congress. He died 1781, at the age of 75.

JAMES LOMBARD (son of SOLOMON, born 1738, who was son of SOLOMON, born 1706), was born in Barnstable, June 11, 1761, and married FREELOVE SPRINGER, of Dartmouth, born Aug. 16, 1760. It is probable that he was in Gorham, Me., with his father, and from thence he moved to Belgrade, about the year 1784.

Many anecdotes are told of this JAMES. During the early days of the settlement of Belgrade and the adjoining towns, it was not an uncommon occurrence to see bears, wolves, coons, etc., disporting themselves in some pioneer farmer's cornfield. The cornfield of this JAMES being on the outer edge of the small settlement, was frequently the scene of these invasions. The writer's grandfather has often related how, upon a certain occasion, after having quite a large patch of excellent corn laid to waste by the voracious appetite of bruin, he, in company with other settlers, secured a large bear-trap, which had come all the way from Boston, and proceeded to give bruin a taste of that modern invention. Having bated it, and placed it in the midst of the succulent corn, they returned to their homes, to await results. In the morning — one of those calm, cool Summer mornings, when the dews linger on the bright green grass, and when innumerable spider-webs stretch

over the clover, looking like spun gold in the morning sun — they proceeded to the cornfield: when, lo! what a scene of devastation met their eyes — cornstalks uprooted and thrown about, and a track made through the field, which looked as if a cart had been driven through. To hurry back to their homes, grab rifles, powder-horns, etc., was but the work of a few moments, and then, away on the track of the missing bear. Over hedges, stumps, stones, and bogholes they went, the track of the bear being plainly descerned from the print of his enormous claws, and from the young saplings that had been broken and twisted by the huge iron trap and log, which the bear was dragging after him in his mad flight. They reached the woods, and there stopped to debate the advisability of penetrating the woods still further, when a low, reverberating boom, which seemed to come from some distance through the thick growth of trees, reached their ears. It puzzled and startled them; but once more, boom! boom! it came, and they started to investigate, going softly forward, parting the bushes here, and peering now to the right, and then to the left, not knowing what moment they might stumble upon the crouching bear. They crept stealthily on, until coming to a stretch of more open woods, where the trees were larger and taller and the undergrowth not so thick, another whang!

sharper and louder than the last, met their ears, and looking up into the branches of a tall hemlock, they saw the monster about half-way up the tree, with one powerful claw held fast by the grip of the trap, to which hung suspended the massive log which had been thought sufficiently heavy to hold him. Frothing at the mouth, and showing his ferocious looking teeth at every growl, he would thrash the ponderous trap against the tree, until it would seem as if his claw would be torn from his body. At every demonstration, he would let out the most blood-curdling roars, and beat and claw the tree, making the bark fly in every direction. A more ferocious sight one would not care to witness, and even to the hardy young settlers, it was a scene not calculated to be amusing. CALVIN STUART, the hunter of the settlement, coming up with his rifle, speedily put an end to poor bruin's troubles. The hide was taken, tanned, and made into a mat, which for many years adorned the space in front of the broad, open fireplace in the log-house of the writer's great-grandfather.

I have digressed somewhat, but trust that this anecdote, which is only one of many that could be related, and which aptly illustrates the great trouble and danger the early settlers of our country experienced, will be found interesting.

JAMES LOMBARD and wife FREELOVE, had eight child-

ren, their genealogy will be found in that of the BERNARD LOMBARD branch of the family.

GENEALOGY OF THE BERNARD LOMBARD BRANCH.

First Generation.

BERNARD LOMBARD, of Scituate, b. in Tenterden, Eng., about 1606, m. and had: JOSHUA, b. ——, JABEZ, bapt. July 4, 1641; MARTHA, bapt. Oct. 2, 1639, m. JOHN MARTIN, 1657, MARY, bapt. Oct. 8, 1657, m. GEORGE LEWIS, Jr., 1654.

MARGARET (whether daughter of above or not, I cannot say), m. EDWARD COLEMAN, of Boston, Oct. 27, 1648.

Second Generation.

JOSHUA, m. ABIGAIL LINNET, May 27, 1651, and had: ABIGAIL, b. April 6, 1652; MERCY, b. June 15, 1655; JONATHAN, b. April 28, 1657; JOSHUA, b. Jan. 16, 1660. He joined the church, March 14, 1646.

JABEZ, m. SARAH DARBY, Dec. 1, 1660, and had: ELIZABETH, b. June 6, 1663; Mary, b. April, 1666; BERNARD, b. April, 1668; JOHN, b. April, 1670; MATTHEW, b. Aug. 28, 1672; MEHITABLE, b. September, 1674; ABIGAIL, b. 1677; NATHANIEL-O., b. August, 1679; HEPZIBAH, b. Dec. 1, 1681.

Third Generation.

JOSHUA (son of JOSHUA, Sr.), m. HOPESTILL BULLOCK, Nov. 6, 1682, and had: MERCY, b. 1684; HOPESTILL, b. Nov. 15, 1686; JOSHUA, b. Aug. 5, 1688; SAMUEL, b, June 1, 1690; ABIGAIL, b. Jan. 2, 1692; MARY, b. Nov. 22, 1697; ELIZABETH, b. April 22, 1700; JONATHAN, b. April 16, 1703.

JONATHAN (son of JOSHUA, Sr.), m. ELIZABETH EDDY, Dec. 11, 1683, and had: JONATHAN, b. Nov. 20, 1684; ALICE, b. Oct. 19, 1686; EBENEZER, b. Feb. 1, 1688; ABIGAIL, b. July 12, 1691.

BERNARD (son of JABEZ), married, and had: JOHANNA, b. December, 1692; MEHITABLE, b. March 18, 1693; MATTHEW, b. Jan. 15, 1698; MARIA, b. October, 1700; BETHIA, b. September, 1702; JOHN, b. April, 1704; SOLOMON, b. March 1, 1706.

NATHANIEL-O. (son of JABEZ), married, and had: SARAH, b. Aug. 2, 1710.

The genealogy of JOHN, MATTHEW, and HEPZIBAH, I have been unable to secure.

Fourth Generation.

JOSHUA (son of JOSHUA Jr.), m. SARAH PARKER, Dec. 14, 1715, and had: SARAH, b. Sept. 28, 1716; PARKER, b. Dec. 24, 1718.

SOLOMON (son of BERNARD, Jr.), m. SARAH HARDING,

of Wellfleet, and had: ANNA, b. Sept. 26, 1725; JEDEDIAH, b. April 8, 1728; SARAH, b. June 8, 1730; HANNAH, b. May 11, 1732; SUSANNA, b. Aug. 5, 1734; SALOME, b. June 10, 1736; SOLOMON, b. May 15, 1738; MARY, b. Sept. 9, 1740; RICHARD, b. Feb. 23, 1743, or '44; EBENEZER, b. March 26, 1745; HEZEKIAH, b. Sept. 30, 1746; CALVIN, b. May 25, 1748.

Fifth Generation.

JEDEDIAH (son of SOLOMON), married, and had: JEDEDIAH, Jr.

SOLOMON, Jr., married, and had: RICHARD, JAMES, EPHRAIM, SOLOMON, SAMUEL.

RICHARD, married, and had: JOHN, PAUL, JOSEPH, EBENEZER, RICHARD and SIMON.

CALVIN, married, and had: LUTHER, HEZIKIAH, and WENTWORTH.

Sixth Generation,

JAMES (son of SOLOMON, b. 1738, who was son of SOLOMON, b. 1706), was born in Barnstable, June 11, 1761, m. FREELOVE SPRINGER, b. in Dartmouth, Aug. 16, 1760, and had: JAMES, b. June 14, 1787; BETSEY, b. Feb. 12, 1789; CHARLES, b. April 22, 1791; LEMUEL, b. April 7, 1793; THANKFUL, b. July 4, 1795; ANNE,

b. Aug. 1, 1797; STEPHEN, b. Dec. 7, 1799; JOSHUA, b. Sept. 1, 1805.

Seventh Generation.

JAMES, Jr., m. LUCY WALLACE, b. in Gloucester, Mass., July 22, 1793, and had: MARY-ANNA, b. Sept. 15, 1814; WILLIAM-HENRY, b. April 5, 1818; LUCY-ANNA, b. Oct. 29, 1820; JULIA, b. Jan. 9, 1823; RUEL-H., b. April 10, 1825.

LEMUEL, and RUTH his wife, had: ELIZA-HOXIE, b. Nov. 20, 1819; LEMUEL-AUGUSTUS, b. Dec. 12, 1821; CAROLINE-AUGUSTA, b. May 30, 1823; ADELINE, b. Sept. 12, 1827; WILLIAM-FARMER, b. March 1, 1832; SOLOMON-HOXIE, b. Jan. 12, 1834; SOLOMON-KING, b. July 24, 1836.

CHARLES, and DORCAS his wife, had: JOSEPH-DINSLOW, b. May 19, 1822; MARY-ELIZABETH-DINSLOW, b. Dec. 9, 1823; CHARLES-NELSON, b. April 8, 1829. Married second time, LUCY, and had: STEPHEN-SPRINGER, b. June 15, 1834.

JOSHUA, m. SARAH-C. CLARK, of Belgrade, Me., and had: FREELOVE-SPRINGER, b. April 1, 1832; HENRY-CLARK, b. Jan. 7, 1835; OLIVER-DAVIS, b. Dec. 22, 1839; JAMES-ALBERT, b. Aug. 3, 1842; SARAH-FRANCES, b. Aug. 4, 1845.

Eighth Generation.

LEMUEL-AUGUSTUS (son of LEMUEL, Sr.), and ELLEN his wife, had: ALONZO-AUGUSTUS, b. June 24, 1845.

OLIVER-DAVIS (son of JOSHUA), m. LAURA, daughter of JAMES BUMPUS, of Belgrade (now deceased), and had two children: EVA-M., b. June 25, 1858; ALBERT-E., b. May 6, 186

This is as full a genealogy of the BERNARD LOMBARD branch as the writer has been able to gather, and if errors have crept in, or omissions have been made, it is not to be greatly wondered at, for the records in some cases are very obscure and scant, and the writing in many, very illegible and almost unintelligible.

THE THOMAS LOMBARD BRANCH.

THOMAS LOMBARD (brother of BERNARD), was among the first settlers of Barnstable, and was a man of sterling character, much respected and honored among the settlers of the town. He is named as keeping a public-house, and entertaining the ministers and others when they came down to see about organizing the town. Public-houses in those days, were not what they are today. To keep a public-house was an honorable and respectable calling, very strictly conducted, and very essential to the traveler.

Besides his popularity in a public sense, he was also an earnest Puritan, and a pillar of the Barnstable church, one of those men who were unflinching in administering justice in its truest sense. He was made a freeman of Barnstable in 1641.

The common address of men and women in the days of the early settlers was "Goodman" and "Goodwife", and in speaking with an ordinary person these appellations would be used. None but those who belonged to more than an ordinarily distinguished family, or held some office of dignity, were ever complimented with the title of "Mister" or "Mistress." In this matter, we are told, etiquette was very strictly guarded and observed throughout the colonies: even the distinction between the noble and the peasant was not of more importance.

It is quite probable that if the Pilgrims had not been compelled by the severity of the weather to make land at the nearest point, they would undoubtedly have settled at Mattakeese, a lovely spot, with its rich, low marshes, bordered by the ridge of land known as Sandy Neck. Perhaps a fuller description of this place would be interesting, and serve to give us a better idea of the spot where our forefathers settled.

It lies nearly in a south-easterly direction from Boston, from which place it is distant, at its western boundary, about 66 miles, and at its eastern, about 75 miles. On

the West, lies the town of Sandwich, and the district of Marshpee ; on the East, the town of Yarmouth and the northern and southern shores are washed by the Atlantic. The breadth from shore to shore across the peninsula, is on its eastern bound, a little more than five miles ; on its western, nine miles, and it is eight miles in length. It consists largely of salt marshes, from which the settlers must have obtained much of their provender. These marshes are called the Hay Grounds, and have yielded eight thousand tons of provender in a season. The sandy confine of these great marshes is called Sandy Neck, and extends from the Sandwich line on the North, nearly the entire length of the township ; it is half a mile wide, and seven miles long. This sandy neck of land forms the harbor, the ancient Chumaquid, which is one mile wide and four long. Some wood grows on the neck, consisting mostly ly of red cedar, wild cherry, beech, and plum ; berries also are found. There is a lighthouse at the mouth of the harbor (Pawmet Light), and for vessels of from seven to nine feet draught, it is considered a safe haven. This description will show the elegibility of the situation at Mattakeese, and will explain the delight with which the grant of this beautiful domain was received by the colonists.

THOMAS LOMBARD'S public-house was very fre-

quently used as a place for worship before the meeting-house was built, and we find him keeping the hostelry in Mattakeese (now Barnstable), as early as 1639.

Below will be found interesting extracts from Rev. Dr. LOTHROP'S diary, concerning the coming of the ministers and others in regard to organizing the town: "Arrived at Mattakeese, a thanksgiving was held at the house of Mr. HULL, for God's exceeding mercy in bringing us hither safely and in good health;" and further, says the pastor, "after praises to God in public were ended, as the day was cold, we divided into three companies to feast together: some at Mr. HULL'S, some at Mr. MAYO'S, and some at Brother LOMBARD'S, Sr."

This devout recognition of Deity, and prayerful reliance on heavenly guidance, seems to have been a marked characteristic of the pastor and his flock of sturdy pilgrim-christians, as evinced on many occasions.

THOMAS LOMBARD, Sr., died in Barnstable, May, 1662, leaving two sons, JEDEDIAH, b. 1640, and BENJAMIN, b. 1642. And, by the way, this name, JEDEDIAH, seems to have been a favorite one with both branches of the family, as it recurs again and again in each successive generation, thus making it exceedingly hard to distinguish one from the other. This JEDEDIAH, born in 1640, was without doubt one of the eight proprietors of the town of Truro.

He married HANNAH WING, in Barnstable, May 20, 1668, and had: JEDEDIAH, Jr., born in Barnstable, Dec. 25, 1669, and THOMAS, born in Barnstable, June 22, 1671. He removed to Truro with his two sons JEDEDIAH, Jr., and THOMAS, in 1699, or 1700. These two sons had one-eighth of the lands situated on the North side of Pawmet river, extending to the Atlantic cliff, and to East harbor meadows, near Provincetown. These lands were in the possession of some of the family for over one hundred years, and in 1825, Mr. ISRAEL LOMBARD, (son of THOMAS, Jr., son of JEDEDIAH. Sr.), possessed nearly the whole of them, having bought out the other heirs. The great Highland lighthouse stands on the field adjoining this tract of land, and all through from the high road to Provincetown up to the Atlantic cliff, is known as "Lombard Hollow," being the place where Mr. ISRAEL LOMBARD resided.

GENEALOGY OF THE THOMAS LOMBARD BRANCH.

First Generation.

THOMAS LOMBARD, of Barnstable, 1639, m. and had: JEDEDIAH, bapt. Sept. 19, 1641; BENJAMIN, bapt. Aug. 5, 1643; THOMAS, and CALEB.

Second Generation.

JEDEDIAH, m. HANNAH WING, May 20, 1668, and had:

JEDEDIAH, b. Dec. 25, 1669, m. HANNAH LEWIS, Nov. 8, 1699; THOMAS, b. June 22, 1671; HANNAH, b. August, 1673; EXPERIENCE, b. April, 1677.

BENJAMIN, m. JANE WARREN, Sept. 19, 1672, and had: MERCY, b. Nov. 2, 1673; BENJAMIN, b. Sept. 27, 1675; HOPE, b. March 26, 1679. His wife, HANNAH, died Feb. 27, 1682, and he m. second, SARAH WALKER, Nov. 19, 1683, and had: BETHUSA, b. May 4, 1687; SARAH, b. Oct. 29, 1688; MARY, b. June 17, 1689: SAMUEL, b. Sept. 15, 1691. His second wife, SARAH, dying Nov. 6, 1693, he m. third, widow HANNAH WHETSTONE, May 24, 1694, and had: TEMPERANCE, b. May 25, 1695; MARTHA, b. Dec. 28, 1704.

THOMAS, m. ELIZABETH DERBY, Dec. 23, 1665, and had: SARAH, b. December, 1666; THOMAS, b. MARCH, 1667; ELIZABETH, b. September, 1668; MARY, b. April, 1669; HANNAH, b. December, 1671; JABEZ, b. February, 1673, d. same year; REBECCA, b. September, 1676; BETHIA, b. July, 1680; BATHSHUA, August, 1682; PATIENCE, ——.

Third Generation.

BENJAMIN, Jr., m. HANNAH TREDDEWAY, May 23, 1711, and had: JONATHAN, b. March 29, 1712, who died same year; HANNAH, b. Sept. 8, 1714.

THOMAS, Jr., m. MARY NEWCOME, Oct. 4, 1694, and

had: JOHN, b. Jan. 5, 1695; JEDEDIAH, b. Feb. 16, 1696; THOMAS, b. Aug. 3 1698.

Fourth Generation.

JEDEDIAH, m. MARY ——, and had: JOSEPH, b. May 1, 1717; JEDEDIAH, b. June 28, 1718; MARY, b. Dec. 13, 1719; SUSANNA, b. May 14, 1721, and d. ten days later; BENJAMIN, b. March 23, 1722; SUSANNA, b. April 30, 1723; MATHEW, b. March 28, 1725; JOHN, b. Aug. 4, 1727; SIMEON, b. Nov. 29, 1729; ELIZABETH, b. Feb. 2, 1731; DAVID, b. May 24, 1732, and d. Sept. 7, 1732; JOSHUA, b. May 13, 1733; REBECCA, b. Sept. 26, 1734; THOMAS, b. March 26, 1737.

THOMAS (son of THOMAS, Jr.), m. ELIZABETH BINNEY, of Hull, April, 1721, and had: ELIZABETH, b. Feb. 17, 1723, and d. Dec. 15, 1793; SIMON, b. Oct. 8, 1725; THOMAS, b. Nov. 16, 1727; SAMUEL, b. May 1, 1731; ISAAC, b. Aug. 5, 1734; CALEB, b. Oct. 20, 1736; PETER, b. March 23, 1739; REBECCA, b. July 6, 1741; PAUL, b. Aug, 16, 1743; ISRAEL, b. April 17, 1746. His wife d. June 19, 1825.

Fifth Generation.

ISRAEL, m. JEMIMA ATKINS, Nov. 29, 1770, and had: BINNEY, b. Sept. 9, 1771; JEMIMA, b. Oct. 23, 1773, and d. Dec. 29, 1849; ISRAEL, b. March 14, 1776, and

d. April 26, 1821; ELIZABETH, b. July 17, 1778; RUTH, b. Dec. 6, 1780, and d. February, 1847; REBECCA, b. Sept. 24, 1783, m. JOHN AYRES, Nov. 15, 1803, and d. Dec. 25, 1852; THOMAS, b. Oct. 25, 1786; SARAH, b. July 13, 1789; JOSEPH-A. b, May 10, 1792, and d. 1799.

ADDENDA.

Since writing the article on the origin of the name LOMBARD, it has occurred to me that it would be interesting and instructive to learn more of the LONGOBARDI, who were originally inhabitants of the northern part of Germany. On account of their bravery and well-known fighting qualities, they were called into the service of Emperor AUGUSTINE, about the year 538. The name is commonly translated, "long beards," but more correctly, "long battle-axes." As a reward for their faithfulness and bravery, the Roman Emperor gave them a province in the North of Italy, which came to be known as "Lombardy." They governed themselves, and eventually established the Kingdom of Lombardy, which was famous until the "Iron Crown" was taken by Charlemagne.

There are two sources from which the family in America may have sprung: one already mentioned in the opening article, and the other from HUGH, son of RUDOLPH DELAMBERT, or LOMBARD, who went with WILLIAM the Conqueror as armor-bearer, leaving a family in Normandy.

VERSES.

MUSINGS.

Had I but the hand of a master,
  No trembling would come to me,
As I tempt the muses from their sleep,
  To bring sweet words of melody.

Can I not have my pleasant dream
  Before my thoughts awaken ;
Believe myself a poet fair,
  E'en though I am mistaken?

I am at the foot of a mountain,
  My pathway is rugged, but clear ;
Huge boulders arising on either side,
  Like giants doth appear.

I see the beautiful shining light
  On the very topmost crest,
And list' in delight to the musical words,
  Of which I am in quest.

Murmuring cadence, full of sweet thought,
  Gems from founts of genius so rare;
Flowers of eloquence from the soul,
  Mingle upon the balmy air.

I climb on, determined to conquer,
  Though along by the narrow way
Are lights that have had their brief moment,
  Lights that have shone but a day.

And I see, at last, the shining crown
  On the head of the poet-king;
And subjects gathered 'round his throne,
  Each with his offering.

My eyes were blinded by the light
  As I entered the magic throng,
And laid my offering at his feet,
  And sung my trembling song.

But now the light is bright and clear,
  And burns with a steady glow;
And all is calm, serene, and pure,
  Where e'er my fancies go.

AN OLD SONG.

The fields and the brooks,
The cows in the meadow,
The daisies that grew by the green, country lane,
The songs that were sung
In the days of my childhood:
Are vividly brought to my mem'ry again.

The lessons I learned
In the little red schoolhouse,
The girls, the boys, and the teacher, as well;
The long rows of benches,
All cut with initials,
And one with an A, an E, and an L.

The window that looked
From the end of the farmhouse,
Over fields standing ready their harvest to yield:
And the wide, open doors
Of the barn and its scaffolds,
All ready to welcome the fruits of the field.

The fields and the brooks,
The cows and the daisies,
And the little red schoolhouse, I loved so well,

Are things of the past,
And no eye can discover
The spot where the thoughts of my childhood dwell.

COMING HOME.

I gazed on the sea in the moonlight,
From the deck of a noble ship;
I heard the still surge of the billows,
And felt the ship's gentle dip;
I gazed out far over the waters,
In the track of the beautiful moon,
And thoughts of sweet home came o'er me,
And the greeting to come so soon.

I thought of my life, and its wanderings
All over the wide, wide world,
O'er the hot sands of desert Sahara,
To where wild the billows are hurled;
From the mountainous peaks of the Highlands,
To the cities of sunny Spain:
And now after all these wanderings,
I'm coming home again.

I feel the ship glide o'er the billows,
  I see the bright spray thrown aside,
As the prow of the noble vessel
  Moves through with its powerful glide;
I see the faint stretch of coast-line
  Away in the hazy night,
And my heart beats light in my bosom,
  As I gaze at the welcome sight.

Nearer, still nearer we're sailing
  O'er the bright and shining sea,
To where fond hearts are waiting —
  Ah, peaceful destiny!
The wind freshens up now a little,
  And the ship bounds gaily away,
And the harbor lights are gleaming
  Far out o'er the peaceful bay.

I hear the gruff tones of the captain,
  As he orders the sailors away;
I see the great sails rattle downward,
  And feel the ship gently sway;
Ah! land of my love and childhood,
  Thy wanderer's coming home,
N'er more to wander from thine arms,
  The wild, wide world to roam.

WEDDING BELLS.

To C. S.

Richly bloom the Summer flowers,
Earth is fair with leafy bowers;
Mingled with songs of many a bird,
The wedding bells are faintly heard.

Out upon the morning air,
Sing the bells their story fair:
Glorious, emblematic bells,
Each glad stroke the story tells:

Of the hearts united now
By the solemn marriage vow;
Sweetest notes of melody these,
Mingle with the morning breeze.

May you sing them on through life,
Calmly guide them through all strife,
Till they reach the pearly gate —
This shall be thy mission great.

That happiness speed you on your way,
That peace and plenty with you stay,
That joy, its treasures all shall send,
Is the true wish of many a friend.

1657304

ECHOES.

To J. M.

What in sound is there more pretty
  Than an echo from the cliff,
As we sail out in the moonlight,
  In our jaunty little skiff?

Ha! ha! ha! ha! hello! hello!
  In unison our voices sound,
And echoing from cliff to cliff,
  Across the bay resound.

Ha! ha! ha! ha! we shout, we sing,
  In bursts of melody rare:
It starts the birds from out their sleep,
  As it breaks the still night-air.

The gentle swell from the ocean,
  And the salty, cool sea-breeze
Seem made for pretty romances,
  And echoings like these.

We rock so lightly on the waves,
  Bright Jennie M. and I,
And sing and talk the hours away,
  Under the starry sky.

Yo, ho! yo, ho! and coming back
From 'cross the heaving bay,
We hear the faint yo, ho!
But can no longer stay.

AN ANSWER.

To G. E. S.

Dear friend, your letter came to time,
And now I'll weave you one in rhyme;
'Tis not my plan to versify,
For others to my faults descry;
But you, kind friend, dost oft o'erlook
The errors made by hook or crook
Of pen, weak held by trembling hand,
That strives to follow will's command:
To you, these lines I'll dedicate,
Your love this verse shall animate.

Oh, muses! come from out your nooks,
'Mid leafy trees and bubbling brooks —
Send gentle winds to me along,
And waft to me thy sweetest song.
Oh! fairy, come from out thy flower,
And build for me a mystic bower:

Then waft to where Potomac rolls,
The love inspired by heavenly souls.
Oh! build for me, sweet fairy-queen,
A nook from mortal eyes unseen,
From whence, beneath some shady tree,
I can my love unfold to thee:
Thou canst secure the boon for me
From queen, or whom so e'er she be.

And grant, ye winds, to bear my tale
To where sweet Gertrude, in her dale,
Awakes to morn so sweet and pure.
Oh, fairies! cannot thou conjure,
Thy magic clouds to bear me there,
Where dwells my love, so pure and fair?
I seem to feel her presence near:
I seem her wondrous voice to hear.
I see that pure and noble brow,
Where many virtues shine e'en now,
As fancy lifts the veil for me to peep
Upon my love, so peacefully asleep;
I kiss her cheek — 'tis pure as snow,
No sin its lurid mark can show.

Ah! can it not alway be thus?
Is fate to love impervious?

Alas! ah, cruel fate! why rouse me now
When all to Cupid's arrows bow,
But thee — who canst but give me pain,
By waking me to life again.

Farewell, my friend, I must awake,
Dispel the dream e'en for thy sake:
Uproot the bowers by fairies made
Beneath the forest's verdant shade,
And desolate this fertile tract
With naught but purely mother fact;
And though this verse is at an end,
I still remain thy loyal friend.

"THE FISHER'S GRANDAME."

Dreary blows the wild winds, darling,
On this bleak and lonely coast;
White-capped waves are rolling, roaring,
On this beach of Summer's boast.

Wild the night! 'T is dark and starless,
Save in spots where rolls no cloud;
Where the moon — 't is a' but covered —
Shines, but through a misty shroud.

Here and there a sea-gull's shrieking
  Casts a weird and lonely sound,
As she flutters 'cross the moonlight,
  Which but palely shimmers 'round.

Out upon the heaving waters
  Strains the ship we long to greet;
Out upon those seething billows
  Are the loved we long to meet.

Will they reach the land, my darling?—
  See! she rolls! she turns! she sinks!—
Look up, child: you are an orphan!
  There can na' be a God, methinks.

But hark! a shout from 'cross the water:
  'Tis our loved ones—God be praised!
Rescued from the cruel waters,
  From the sailor's grave upraised!

Three score years and ten, my darling,
  Leave their whiteness on my head,
And I 'm sure that God will pardon
  These few hasty words I 've said.

Chirk ye up, my winsome lassie,
  Keep ye na' so sad a face:
For on yonder rolling vessel,
  Comes your Robert on, apace.

Ah! methinks were I a lassie,
  With a lad so bright and gay;
One who loved me to my liking,
  I could drive these tears away.

See! o er yon the clouds are breaking;
  Come, let's hasten to the pier,
There to greet your bonny Robert
  Wi' a smile, an' na' a tear.

OUR MARINERS.

Miles of sand, and miles of beach
Stretching as far as the eye can reach;
Swells from the ocean, and swells from the sea,
Break on the beach with melody,
Melody, melody; break on the beach
With rare melody.

Mountains of waves, and mountains of foam,
Toss their bright spray to the heavenly dome,
Greeting the pure sky, and greeting the sun,
Leaping and dancing in joyous fun:
Joyous fun, joyous fun; leaping and dancing
In joyous fun.

Dashing far up the beach, dashing back, and
Leaving bright shells on the stretches of sand;
Foaming and gliding, and twisting and sliding,
Back into ocean's strong arms abiding:
'Biding, 'biding; back into ocean's strong arms
Abiding.

Roaring in sullen wrath, roaring on rocky shore;
Dashing the rocks as in fury they tore
Upon the sandy beach; rushing along,
While the wind wailed its fearful song:
Fearful song, fearful song; while the wind wailed
Its fearful song.

Low clouds are gathered; wild winds are moaning;
Out from the fishers' huts come sounds of groaning;
Faces against the panes; wildly their eyes they strain
Out through the murky night, into the driving rain:
Driving rain, driving rain; out through the murky night,
Into the driving rain.

Out off the rocky coast, out where the billows rolled,
Out where the lighthouse bell madly tolled,
There laid a sinking ship, there laid a noble wreck,
Blanched were the faces of the men on deck;
On deck, on deck; blanched were the faces
Of the men on deck.

Now, when the waves are calm, and when the sky is clear;
Now, when the morning sun smiles on our friends, so dear,
Think of our mariners; think of our sailor boys;
Pray that for them may be unalloyed joys:
Joys, joys; pray that for them may be unalloyed
Joys.

YE MAIDEN AT YE GATE.

To H. M. B.

The hum from the meadow
  Breaks on the still air,
And the winds sigh softy
  O'er hillsides fair.
And the clip of the whetstone,
  In brawny brown hands,
Comes up from the meadow,
  Where tall the grass stands.

At the close of the day,
  In the stillness of eve',
When the men from the fields,
  Are glad to take leave,
To hang up their scythes,
  On the hooks in the shed,
And then hie away,
  For a time,—or to bed.

And when just at twilight,
  Ye maid from the house,
Steals down to ye gate,
  As still as a mouse,
And leans o'er ye old gate,
  Her hand o'er her eyes,
And down the green lane,
  Her lover espies.

Just now, what a picture,
  With a frame of green leaves,
As she, blushing and smiling
  Her lover receives.
A pressure of hands;
  A pure and sweet kiss;
Beneath the green vines
  All wedded to bliss.

A sturdy young arm,
  Steals around her slim waist,
And a fond embrace given,
  Pure, hearty, and chaste.
A few whispered words
  And the gate is swung back
And away speed the loves
  Down the grass covered track.

For an hour, perhaps longer,
  They wander in twain,
And tell with much feeling,
  Their love o'er again ;
Till the dew of the evening,
  Which falls from above,
And likens itself,
  To the sweet dews of love,

Gives warning that now,
  Although loth to part,
The sturdy young lover
  Must e'er long depart.
So back once again
  To ye old swinging gate,
Went the lovers still cooing,
  E'en tho' it was late.

And now just a kiss,
  As they part for the night;
And under yon window
  He'll watch for her light;
And when it shall darken,
  And prayers she has said,
She will waft him a kiss;
  From her nook, o'er his head.

A SATIRE.

Twitter, twitter, softly twitter,
  O, ye joyous warbling bird!
Flying tumbling little songster
  Make thy joyous music heard.

Softly shaking out thy plumage,
  Brilliant with the morning sun,
As it glides into the heavens,
  Driving stars in one by one.

Split thy tiny throat with singing
  Glory to the new-born morn;
Gaily answer back the echo,
  Of the shepherds' sweet-toned horn.

Ah, sweet birdie! you can tell,
  From your perch among the trees,
As with joy your music swells
  Out upon the clear, sweet breeze,

Of that beauty, just too-too;
  With æsthetic taste so mild,
Knight of all the lilies fair,
  Of our darling Oscar Wilde.

You can tell us of his graces,
  As you turn o'er page by page;
Tell us why this lovely flower
  Bloomed in this scientific age.

Softly twitter out his praises,
  'Mid the rippling of thy song;
Warble gently, sweetest songster,
  Gaily pass his praise along.

O, my utter! too-too utter!
  Beautiful, my queen, my queen!
As he speaks unto the lily
  His æsthetic tastes are seen.

When he gently sighs and murmurs
  To the sunflower, drooping low,
Words and phrases thronged with beauty,
  His æsthetics plainly show.

So, still, twitter, softly twitter,
  O, ye joyous little bird!
Flying, tumbling little songster,
  Make thy joyous music heard.

TREASURE TROVE.

All is not lost when honor remains;
All is not reached when rich are your gains:
Beautiful germs are hid in the husk,
Many bright virtues concealed in the dusk;
Beautiful words are pearls from the soul,
If heart and tongue act as a whole;
Shadow your virtues, that no sinful eye,
May pick them to pieces, and faults descry.
If, when you find 'most everything wrong,
Lighten your heart with a cheerful song;
Though many your trials, and great your care,
Think for a moment, what He had to bear.

Rough is the diamond when at first found,
But sparkling and bright, when polished and ground;
And who can imagine, or who can tell
What riches are found in an oyster shell?
As the bud just blossoming into the flower,
So our lives new virtues show every hour.
Bridle the gabble which falls from thy lips,
Like vermin from off the finger-tips;
And let your pure words in friendship flow,
In behalf of charity, where'er you go;
Seek to relieve, and not to distress
The weary who come to you to confess.

May your young lives and motives be true;
Pure as the sparkling, heavenly dew;
Bright as Alycone, brightest of seven,
Still the most modest star in heaven.
Train up your virtues, subdue your pride,
And may you to Jesus your faults confide;
As at twilight, or sunset, you look from your door
To the far off purple, gold, and azure,
Be sure that your hearts at peace and at rest,
That your motives to others no ills bequest.
Think well of these maxims, and never rove
From these, the rules of Treasure Trove.

THE HEAVENS.

Rolling, sinking, gliding clouds,
  Thy beauty o'er me steals;
So soft, and sweet, and calm
  It seems to me, it feels
Delicious, and it deals
  To me, so frail and weak —
Yet greatly feel that which I speak —
  Sweet peace, and comfort, ever.

I behold thy fast increasing bloom,
  As sunset steals upon the day,
As wavering the shadows lay
  Upon the mountains, grand and bold;
Fringed with golden wreathes of light,
  Dazzling to my poor, weakened sight
Thy edges are, oh, clouds! And yet,
  And yet, how can I e'er forget,
Oh, lustrous clouds, thy beauties!

Breaks forth the moon in splendor rare,
  From beauteous clouds which fill the air;
And bursting from its silvery fount, I see,
  Or seem to see, spirals of golden beams:

Things I see, which in my dreams
  I count as many faces, forms; and, oh!
The moon's bright sheen delights me so,
  I fain would dream forever.

Pleiades in heavenly splendor, seems
  To me its dreamer, a thing that teems
With beauteous gifts, and when it lifts
  Its seven bright heads to mortal gaze,
And bids the sailor haste, and sail, though haze
  Obscures the morning sun, and contrary winds
Do blow; I gaze enraptured at the heavenly dome,
  And sink in peaceful dreams.

LINES FROM AN EMIGRANT'S LIFE.

An article is it ye want, then?
  Well, I guess, I can furnish ye that;
Is it such as his Honor drew up, Miss,
  To separate me and my Pat?

And ye want it original too, well,
  I 'll tell ye the best that I can;
The trouble that 's often been told,
  That came between me and my man.

We were married far over the sea, Miss,
  Where lays the bright Emerald Isle ;
And my heart is often times sad
  When I think of it once in awhile.

Right happy we were in those days,
  And the sun never brighter shone
Than on that day in June, Miss,
  When Patrick claimed me for his own.

And the tears come now to my eyes,
  Though I do seem rough and uncouth ;
I was called a handsome colleen
  In the the days of my sunny youth.

I can tell when we sailed o'er the sea :
  'T was a bright, a beautiful day ;
And the ship, she went like a bird,
  As she proudly bore us away.

I can see the sails bulging out now,
  In the brisk and fresh'ning breeze ;
And the sun as it glanced on the deck,
  Would any artistic eye please.

How she 'd skim o 'er the bounding billows!
  'T was hard our feet to keep;
And she looked like a startled dove, Miss,
  As she flew o 'er the briny deep.

We lived here a few short years,
  And then our happiness ceast.
For rum got the better of Patrick,
  And made the man into a beast.

Do you wonder then, that I feel bitter,
  As I wearily tramp o 'er the sod;
And that sometimes I feel like thinking
  There can be no merciful God?

But now, Miss, I must be agoing;
  May the Lord bless your smiling, bright face,
And may never a sorrow come to you,
  As old Time creeps on apace.

And mark ye, these words that I tell ye:
  Don 't marry a man if he drinks;
If you do, you will surely rue it,
  And long to loosen the links.

"SOMETHING."

Not sad, and yet sometimes I feel
A thrill of sadness o'er me steal,
As clouds sometimes glide o'er the sun;
And yet my life has just begun.
Experience, with all its wise forethought
Must mould me; shall it be for naught?
And must I bring, to Him our King,
Who reigns triumphant in the sky,
Naught but voiceless songs to sing?

I dream of many days to come,
Of many days gone by, and some —
Alas! too oft I've wished to break
The chains which bind me to the stake.
I feel the waters 'round me steal
Higher and higher yet -- but, I forget,
I speak of days gone by —
Today no clouds obscure the sun,
And bright and clear is my blue sky.

Kindred and friends around me gather,
Even nature's kindest weather
Smiles upon my birthday morn,
As e'en in days gone by it shone

On others too, in every clime ;
On dark-hued, sunny Italy, Greece and Spain,
And in Columbia's rock-girt shores,
We hear the merry birthday chime.
Which tells the lapse of time.

Simple though this verse of mine,
I can give no better sign ;
'T is my power, and ' t is my love,
'T was inspired by Him above ;
Talent must all passions sway,
Though it comes but for a day ;
And I 'll thank the one who reads,
Though he scatter no good seeds,
If he 'll patience give.

May-day comes with sweetest breath,
Herald of old Winter's death,
Laden down with bright-hued flowers,
To bedeck our leafy bowers.
Welcome, thou, O, fair May-day !
Welcome, long as thou shalt stay.
I have sung the songs of childhood
With the lessons of my youth ;
I have learned, for all true manhood,
Its foundation must be truth.

When with age my limbs shall totter
'Long the downward path of life,
And my eyes grow dim, and deafness
Close my ears from mortal strife,
Gladly will I meet my Master;
Safe at last from all disaster,
I will close the pearly gate,
Walk along the streets of gold,
Sing the songs, which angel thousands
Sung, in many days of old.

THE SERENADE.

To R. W. E.

'T was a pleasant Summer evening,
  Sometime, well — sometime ago,
While the moon a shining brightly,
  And the stars their heads did show,
And the wind a singing softly
  Through the gently swaying trees,
Wafted sounds of merry laughter
  Coming now upon the breeze.

Nearer, nearer came the gallants,
  With their gay and laughing girls;

Wit and humor, sharply throwing,
  As the party past us whirls ;
Down the hillside sharply driving,
  'Mid glad shout, and many a joke,
Each one for the lead a striving,
  'Mid the din of rattling spoke.

Now let's join the merry crowd,
  And go 'long to see the fun,
Which we saw while they were passing,
  Had but only just begun.
So we 'll jump upon the hay-rack,
  Harness Sam and Jim to it,
Tumble in an empty cheese-box,
  For the girls on which to sit.

And the word is given, ready !
  Down the rocky road we go,
Tilting, creaking, rushing, rocking,
  At a pace by no means slow ;
Will, Eff, and Annie, Eva, and I,
  Quite a merry crowd we made,
As tearing along like the breath of the wind,
  We hied to the serenade.

By Arnold's, Mitchell's, Sturtyvant's as well,
  Past many a staring group,
Who, by my faith, could hardly tell,
  What to make of this noisy troupe.
On, on we sped, by the light of the moon,
  Till we saw in the distance glimmering,
Like an *ignis-fatuus* in the night,
  A light in a window shimmering.

Nearer, still nearer, with panting steeds,
  We drew to the welcome farmhouse,
Where lived the jolly husbandman,
  And his blushing happy spouse ;
Wagons were hitched to every post,
  While lanterns were flashed around,
And from the house, in jolly glee,
  Came forth the merry sound.

Lights streamed from window, and from door,
  And shadowed forms were seen,
And muslins trimmed with ribbons blue,
  Made gay the festive scene :
Some bashful, shy (as maidens are),
  Some bright, and bold, and free,
Some with that gentle dignity,
  Which all delight to see.

First games, and then, when tired out,
  We to the roadside wend our way,
Where none but those we're with can hear
  What we there choose to say ;
We stay until the chill night-air
  Doth bid us hasten in,
And when again we join the crowd,
  We're asked, "Why, where've you been?"

With roguish eyes, and blushing cheeks,
  They would insist to know,
What could have kept us out of sight,
  And why it should be so ;
And goodness gracious only knows,
  When they'd a stopped their teasing,
If some one had 'nt dropped some snuff,
  And set them all to sneezing.

And when they all had had their sneeze,
  And joking too had stopped,
Plates full of candy were passed 'round,
  And corn all nicely popped.
And then the time had come when we
  Must bid them all "good night;"
And soon the teams well loaded down,
  Were out of sound and sight.

It lives, the memory of that time,
  In memory's fondest space;
And though the seasons come and go,
  And the years go by apace,
Still ever, ever green 't will be,
  Its lustre will not fade;
And ne'er shall we have cause to rue,
  The night of the serenade.

THAT QUARTETTE.

With the lovely breath of morning,
  With the singing of the trees,
With the fragrant smell of flowers
  Borne upon the gentle breeze,

Comes to me poetic fancies,
  As I sit here thinking now,
While the birds are singing gaily,
  As they skip from bough to bough.

Should I venture to produce them,
  Would you lenient with me be,
When you see how very truthful
  Are these fancies, penned by me?

First, we 'll take the kind professor,
  He, of mein so calm and proud —
And o 'er his bright, shining pathway
  May there never be a cloud.

May his charming avocation
  (Teaching others what to do),
Be to him a life-long lesson,
  For he 's gentle, good, and *true*.

Next in order, comes our Emma :
  Ours but for a little while ;
She who thinks more of *true* friends
  Than of prudish pomp and style.

May the path that she has chosen,
  Prove to her a blessing true ;
May her memory's fondest pages
  Turn for friends both old and new.

May her path be strewn with flowers,
  Brightly gleaned by little hands ;
May obedience be a virtue,
  Unto them whom she commands.

May our kind and gentle Eva
  Have her pathway strewn with love;
May she glean from heavenly gardens,
  In the realms far, far above.

Is there room for yet another?
  Are you patient yet with me?
You are not? Well — then I 'm sorry;
  For I 'll have to let him be.

We must part from friends who love us,
  Yet I hope we 'll ne 'er forget;
And in heaven, perhaps no sooner,
  We may meet that gay quartette.

CHRISTMAS CAROLS.

Out upon the frosty air,
Comes to me a sound so fair;
Comes to me a sound so magic,
Comes to me a sound so cheery:
Sleigh-bells tinkling, tinkling, tinkling,
Tinkling on the evening air.

Laughing voices ring out gaily,
Tender voices sing so sweetly,
And the horses fly so quickly,
Full of fire, and life, and vim,
Past the houses, past the gardens,
Past the trees in frosty trim ;
Still the sleigh-bells tinkle, tinkle,
Tinkle out an evening hymn.

Christmas comes but once a year,
And it brings to all good cheer :
A sense of peace, a sense of feeling
As we at the altar kneeling,
In the church, so calm and holy,
Send our offerings up to him ;
And the bells still tinkle, tinkle,
Tinkle out an evening hymn.

Christmas ! Christmas ! how we love you :
And we 've reason, Christmas, too ;
How we like your frosty morning,
Seeming like love's triumph dawning ;
How we feel that thrill of gladness,
Not a tinge of grief or sadness,
As we hear the sleigh-bells tinkle,
Tinkle on the frosty air.

CHRISTMAS, 1881.

Fair is the Christmas morning,
  As we look upon it now,
With icy festoons on the trees,
  Glist'ning from bough to bough.

Can we fail to see the power
  Of the wondrous God of love,
He, who made these tiny snowflakes,
  Sending them from far above?

Ah! too often are we blinded
  By this worldly, glittering show,
And our thoughts are turned from heaven,
  To this world of sin below.

And yet, this world of darkness
  Must have something for its light,
And it has, the glorious gospel,
  Lighting up the darkest night.

And, dear friends, let us remember,
  On this brightest Christmas-day,
Him, whose birth we celebrate:
  Him, who gave his life away.

Let joy bells ring all o'er the land,
  And let each voice to sing,
Whose echoes sent from hill to dale,
  An echoing answer 'll bring.

And sing, with merry, joyous song,
  Upon this Christmas morn;
For unto you this day,
  A Savior-king was born.

MEMORIAL-DAY, 1881.

Seek not to call them back again,
  Those martyr-heroes of our war;
Seek not to pluck the gems from out the crown,
  More worthy of their place than we, by far.

We can but give our all, they said,
  As marched they out to fight:
To meet rebellious brotherhood,
  And to conquer in the right.

Though faded now the coat may be,
  Its memory long shall live,
'Mid flowers and verdure bright and fair,
  With these, our love we 'll give.

Enshrined in glory now they stand
  Around the Father's throne,
Each has found his place at last,
  To reap what he has sown.

Yes, rest ye nations of the grave,
  Rest ye, the martyred dead;
Your song of triumph has been sung,
  Your requiem has been said.

THE MOUNTAIN STREAM.

Away upon the mountain side,
'Mid bush and rock there doth abide,
A streamlet, tiny, sparkling, clear:
As purest crystal doth appear.

Shimmering gaily in sunlight bright,
'Neath shelving bank as dark as the night;
Rippling and splashing, yet here and there,
'T was smooth and calm as one could care.

It grew, this streamlet, as it went
Adown the mountain side, and sent
Its murmuring ripples down its bed;
With many a song, away it sped.

Now dashing up against the bank,
Its spray to clouds it threw, then sank
Far down for twenty feet or more,
With rapid leap, and sullen roar.

Anon 'tis seen as coming out
'Neath roots, and vines, which twine about
The trees ; it quickly glides along,
Murmuring still the same old song.

O 'er pebbles white with many a sun,
The stream for many years has run
Its course towards the fields below,
'Mid eddies, falls and quiet flow.

Flow on, oh, beautiful stream !
Thy waters rich with beauty teem ;
Sing on the same old sweet refrain ;
I leave you, but to come again.

When Winter's snows do come and go,
And Spring its leaves begin to show ;
Till Summer comes to loose the tie,
Till then, sweet mountain-stream, good-bye.

WHAT IS LIFE?

A few short days, and full of strife,
  A few good deeds, with many bad:
Thus gives the bible's tale of life;
  Such is this life, joyful and sad.

Youth full of all, but serious thought;
  Anticipation of joy, not of sorrow,
Thinking only today of their lot,
  Not taking heed of the morrow.

Middle age often of serious mind;
  Often, not always, light-hearted and gay;
Some seeking peace for their future to find;
  Some seeking joy for today.

Then comes the aged, low-bent, and gray,
  With memories of joy, some of sorrow instead;
And looking back now, it seems but a day,
  Since youth and its pleasures had fled.

Fond, sweet memories cluster around,
  As oft as we think of the past;
Friends, who once with life did abound,
  Have gone to their home at last.

We sit in the deep'ning twilight,
With naught but the light of the moon;
And our days as they pass before our sight,
Are to pass from our lives very soon.

MORE THAN CONQUEROR.

What feeling is this that comes o'er me,
And brings the bright blood to my face?
Can it be that I love, unasked,
An Adonis so full of grace?
Yet my mirror tells me a sweet story,
As I catch a swift glimpse of my face
All blushing at love's first awak'ning,
It surely can not be disgrace.

O, love, with thy whispered sanction;
If I err, thou art surely to blame;
Though he loves me, he never has asked
Me, in union to bear his name.
His eyes have looked love of the purest,
But I never can meet his glance,
Lest the tell-tale blush on my forehead,
Would seem to give him a chance.

So thoughtfully sitting here, gazing
  O'er the fields standing ready to yield
A harvest so full for the reaping —
  Must I liken myself to a field?
I have wrestled in vain with my passion,
  And it knocks quite as loud as before;
And I fear me, without the asking,
  My heart will unfasten its door.

The air is thick and oppressive,
  And I breathe in short gasps as I think
How near to destruction I'm standing:
  How near to that fatal brink
From whence not a virgin returneth,
  Who once sets her foot in the snare;
But still my love cannot be stifled,
  Though 't were my earnest prayer.

I turn in despair from the window;
  The hot blood still mantling my face;
Afraid lest the moon, too, should shun me,
  And traverse a wider space.
With a sob, my heart-strings unloosen,
  And I burst into passionate tears,
While my hair, unloosed from its bondage,
  Falls softly about my ears.

Oh, God! is there no one to guide me
  To the path into which I should go?
In my robe for the night I am praying,
  I 'm innocent thou surely must know.
Oh! whisper, I pray thee, sweet Father,
  Thy counsel into my poor ear:
I 'm listening — oh! do not desert me —
  I 'm listening, Thy wisdom to hear.

Just open the gate of Thy fountain,
  That I may of knowledge partake;
And guide me into the still waters,
  I pray Thee, for Jesus' sake.
A grateful, sweet calm comes o 'er me:
  I have prayed all my passion away,
And my heart grows light in my bosom,
  As enters the holy ray.

I arise from my kneeling posture,
  And prepare for a peaceful rest;
And laying my head on the pillow,
  I feel that I 'm truly blest;
'T is not that my love is stifled —
  Far from it — 't is only intrenched;
But the fierce, hot flame of passion,
  I pray is forever quenched.

I tremble e'en now as I'm thinking,
  That the feeling may sometime return,
And again wring my heart with anguish,
  Again in my bosom burn.
But I'll turn from this dreadful picture,
  And think of a purer love,
A love that e'en He will sanction,
  As he looks from His mansions above.

O, weeper! be thou not discouraged;
  Thy prayer is not uttered in vain,
Lift up thy pure face to the Father;
  He'll answer again and again.
Heed not what the pitiless world says;
  Its own sin has hardened its heart;
Be sure that your own life is blameless,
  And thou wilt have done thy part.

Let not every false, fleeting fancy
  A place in your trusting heart find;
But weigh well the words that are spoken,
  Though sometimes 't will seem unkind.
Shouldst thou profit by this example,
  This fancy of mine has portrayed:
Then the object of these few verses
  Will truly have been conveyed.

THE END.

3733